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ADDISONIANA.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ADDISON, MILSTON, WILTSHIRE.



MILSTON HOUSE, WARWICKSHIRE, THE PROPERTY AND RESIDENCE OF ADDISON.

ADDISONIANA.

THE vignettes on the preceding page are interesting illustrations of the life of our celebrated British Essayist, who, by his writings, raised the literary character "above all Greek, above all Roman fame."

The first Engraving shows the parsonage-house at Milston, near Ambresbury, in Wiltshire, where Addison was born May 1, 1672. His father was, at this time, rector of Milston, the living of which place was worth about 120*l.* per annum; but he eventually obtained the deanery of Lichfield. Appearing weak and unlikely to live, the infant Addison was christened on the day of his birth; and it is said that he was laid out for dead as soon as he was born. He received the rudiments of his education from the Rev. Mr. Naish, at Ambresbury; but was soon removed to Salisbury, under the care of Mr. Taylor; and thence to the grammar-school at Lichfield, in 1683, in the beginning of his twelfth year; when his father being made dean of Lichfield, naturally carried his family to his new residence there. Of this interval, Addison's biographers have given no account; but Dr. Johnson refers to a story of a *barring out*, told him when he was a boy, by Andrew Corbet, of Shropshire, who had it from Mr. Pigot, his uncle. The master, when Pigot was a schoolboy, was *barred out* at Lichfield, and the whole operation, as he said, was planned and conducted by Addison. From Lichfield, Addison was removed to the Charter House, where he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint labours have so effectually recorded. To judge better of the probability of the story of the *barring-out*, Dr. Johnson inquired when Addison was sent to the Charter House; but, as he was not one of those who enjoyed the Founder's benefaction, there is no account preserved of his admission.

The second illustration is Bilton House, at the village of Bilton, about one mile and a half from Rugby, in Warwickshire. This substantial mansion was purchased by Addison,* in the year 1711, for the sum of 10,000*l.*, in which purchase he was assisted by his brother, Gulstone Addison, Esq., Governor of Fort St. George, at Madras.† It appears probable that Addison bought this estate as a lure to the Countess of Warwick,

whom he married in 1716;‡ and he resided much here during the brief period which succeeded that event. After Addison's decease, the Countess was often at Bilton; and, on her death, the estate devolved on her daughter by Mr. Addison, who lived at Bilton through the long, remaining portion of her life, and died here in the year 1797.

Bilton House is a spacious but irregular mansion, mainly built in the Italianized style of architecture, which prevailed in the time of James I.; and it was, probably, erected by the Boughton family, soon after they had acquired possession of the manors. The additions to the mansion consist of a lower range of building, the windows of which look towards the gardens; which part of the edifice appears to have been constructed early in the eighteenth century, probably by Addison, when preparing the seat for the reception of its titled mistress. The grounds adjoining the house are entered by large iron gates, which lead to the house porch. The situation of the mansion is delightfully retired; and the windows of the principal rooms command picturesque prospects. How congenial such a retreat must have been to the mind of Addison, may be inferred from his enthusiastic love of nature, as shown in the two letters written by him to his future son-in-law, and already quoted in the *Mirror*.§

It is gratifying to learn that, a few years since, the furniture used by Addison remained at Bilton; and the pictures partly selected by his judgment, or procured as a tribute to his feelings, yet ornamented the walls, and occupied the same stations as when Addison was wont to pause and admire them. "Seldom," adds our informant, "has the residence of a poet had the fortune to be so preserved for the gratification of posterity;" but we fear that the sanctity of genius has not maintained the whole place to this moment.

Many of the pictures at Bilton deserve notice from intrinsic merit of execution; independently of curiosity concerning the character of a collection that once belonged to such a man as Addison. The most valuable pictures are portraits, many of which were introduced by the Countess of Warwick. Others of Vandyck, Van Somer, Lely, &c., were purchased by Addison. Among the portraits are two of the Countess of Warwick; one of Miss Addison, the Essayist's daughter, when a child; the Earl of Warwick, Addison's son-in-law; Sir Thomas Myddleton, the Countess of Warwick's father; Mr. Secretary Craggs, to whom Addison dedicated his works a few days before his death; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; Prince Rupert; Lord Halifax; the Earl of Holland, who was beheaded; Admiral, the Earl of Warwick; and the poet Dryden.

‡ See *Mirror*, vol. xxiv., p. 263.

§ See Vol. xxiv., p. 405.

* Of William Boughton, Esq., a descendant of the Boughtons of Lawford, who became possessors of the manor of Bilton, early in the reign of James I.

† Somerville addressed some elegant lines to Addison on this purchase: one of the couplets is referred to by Johnson, as being written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; and as exhibiting one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained. Somerville's family was the first in Warwickshire, where he was distinguished as "a poet, a gentleman, and a skilful and useful Justice of the Peace."—See Johnson's *Life of him, Poets*, vol. iii., p. 164, 12mo. 1793.

See Ep. 11-219.
L.P. 777-46.

The gardens adjoining the mansion are in quaint style, corresponding with the mansion. They are especially stocked with long and massy hedges of yew, and seats with sombre screens of yew. On the north side of the grounds is a long walk, still termed Addison's Walk, often the retreat of that master-mind, when he loved to be alone. Its scenery yields aid to meditative melancholy: its seclusion was formerly deepened by lines of trees, among which were some Spanish oaks, raised by Addison from acorns given him by Secretary Craggs; but, soon after the death of Miss Addison, many of these trees were cut down. At the same time, a pretty flower-garden was destroyed; the hermitage has since sunk into ruin. But the neighbourhood has lost none of its pensiveness, as the gentle range of hills, and the Gothic spire of the village church, testify.

The interior of this church is plain, and divided by an open-work stone screen. Several of the Boughton family are interred here; and in the chancel lie the remains of Miss Addison; but, a few years since, her place of sepulture was uninscribed by gratitude or affection.

By the way, in *An Historical Essay on Mr. Addison*, printed in 1783, but not published, the writer* says: "Addison's daughter by Lady Warwick is still alive, and unmarried. She lives at Bilton, near Rugby, and is almost old enough to be superannuated. Mr. Symonds, (the Cambridge professor of modern history,) saw her two summers ago, and says she enjoys an income of more than 1,200*l.* a year. Indeed, by all accounts, she was not a Minerva from the brain of Jupiter:

But careless now of fortune, fame, or fate,
Perhaps forgets that Addison was great."

By Miss Addison, the Bilton estate was bequeathed to the Hon. John Simpson.

For the first of the previous Engravings, our acknowledgments are due to Mr. J. C. Smith's treasurable *Facsimiles of Autographical, Historical, and Literary Curiosities*, Part III.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

[We are indebted for the early transmission of the following document to the kindness of a gentleman, who, for three years past, has toiled incessantly for its object—the better management of the affairs of the British Museum. This Report of these Resolutions was brought up, and read on Thursday night, July 14.]

1. *Resolved*, That the great accessions which have been made of late to the Collections of the British Museum, and the increasing interest taken in them by the public, render it expedient to revise the Establish-

ment of the Institution, with a view to place it upon a scale more commensurate with, and better adapted to, the present state and future prospects of the Museum.

2. That this Committee do not recommend any interference with the Family Trustees.

3. That though the number of Official Trustees may appear unnecessarily large, and though practically most of them rarely, if ever attend, yet no inconvenience has been alleged to have arisen from the number; yet if any Act of the Legislature should ultimately be found necessary, a reduction in the number of this class of Trustees might not be unadvisable.

4. That the Committee think it very desirable that the existing elected Trustees should take steps to ascertain whether some of those whose attendance has been the most infrequent, might not be willing to resign their Trusteeships.—That, in future, any Trustee hereafter to be elected, not giving personal attendance at the Museum for a period to be fixed, is expected to resign; being, however, re-eligible upon any future vacancy.

5. That in filling up vacancies it would be desirable that the electing Trustees should not in future lose sight of the fact, that an opportunity is thus afforded them of occasionally conferring a mark of distinction upon men of eminence in literature, science, and art.

6. That the extension of the Collections which has taken place, and the still greater extension which may be looked for, renders a further division of departments necessary.

7. That it is desirable that the heads of each department shall meet once in three months, for the purpose of consulting with reference to any matters of detail relating to the internal arrangements of the Museum, which they may desire jointly to submit to the Trustees in writing.

8. That whenever there may be a vacancy in the office of Principal Librarian, or in that of Secretary, it is desirable that the distribution of the duties now discharged by those officers respectively, including the Expenditure, be re-considered, and that the office of Secretary be not combined with the Keepership of any department.

9. That it is desirable that the hours during which the Museum shall be open on public days, be hereafter from ten o'clock until seven throughout the months of May, June, July, and August; and that the Reading Room be opened throughout the year at nine o'clock in the morning.

10. That it is desirable that the Museum be hereafter opened during the Easter, Whitsun, and Christmas weeks, except Sundays and Christmas Day.

11. That it is expedient that the Trustees should revise the salaries of the Establishment, with the view of ascertaining what

* Thomas Tyers, Esq., son of Jonathan Tyers, the celebrated proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens.

increase may be required for the purpose of carrying into effect the foregoing Resolutions, as well as of obtaining the whole time and services of the ablest men, independently of any remuneration from other sources.

12. That it is desirable that the heads of departments do consult together as to the best method of preparing on a combined system, an improved edition of the Synopsis of the Museum; that each officer be responsible for that part which is under his immediate control, and attach his signature to such part, and that the work be prepared in such a manner as to enable each part to be sold separately, which should be done at the lowest price which will cover the expenses of the publication.

13. That it is expedient that every exertion should be made to complete within the shortest time, consistent with the due execution of the work, full and accurate Catalogues of all the Collections in the Museum, with a view to print and publish such portions of them as would hold out expectations of even a partial sale.

14. That it be recommended to the Trustees, that every new accession to the Museum be forthwith registered in detail, by the officer at the head of the department, in a book to be kept for that purpose; and that each head of a department do make an Annual Report to the Trustees of the Accessions within the year, vouched by the signature of the principal Librarian, of desiderata; and of the state and condition of his own department.

15. That it be recommended to the Trustees to take into consideration the best means of giving to the public a facility of obtaining Casts from the Statues, Bronzes, and Coins, under competent superintendence, and at as low a price as possible.

16. That the Committee are well aware that many of the alterations, which they have suggested, cannot be carried into effect, except by increased liberality on the part of Parliament, both with respect to the establishment of the Museum, and also to a much greater extent, for the augmentation of the Collections in the different departments.

17. That the Committee, in the alterations which they have suggested, do not mean to convey any charge against the Trustees, or against the officers of the Museum, whose talents, good conduct, and general and scientific acquirements, are universally admitted; and they are aware, that where imperfections exist in the Collections, those imperfections are mainly attributable to the very inadequate space, hitherto available for their exhibition, and to the limited pecuniary means at the disposal of the Trustees; and they are of opinion that the present state of the British Museum, compared with the increasing interest taken in it by all classes of the people,

justifies them in the recommendations contained in the above Resolutions.

18. That the Committee having taken into consideration the Petition presented to the House by Mr. Charles Tilt, and referred to the Committee, which Petition prayed for public assistance in the preparation of a work from the Medals in the British Museum, and having taken evidence on the said subject, consider that in no way can they more satisfactorily discharge the duty confided to them by the reference in question, than by simply laying before the House the Minutes of Evidence so taken.

[The public will see with regret that there is not to be any Evening Reading-room, or Classified Catalogue; at least, the latter is to be left to the choice of the Officers.]

Manners and Customs.

SHERIFF OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

AMONG the numerous mutations which time, in its revolutions, is constantly producing, one of the most curious is the extraordinary change which has taken place in the estimation in which the important office of sheriff of London and Middlesex is held. A few years since, those who might have been elected preferred paying a fine of 500*l.* to the chamberlain* to serving the office; while, at the present time, citizens of wealth and intelligence are found competing for the honour. The following curious document, which shows the extent to which the Corporation was benefited by the general reluctance to serve the office, was discovered a short time since, among the records in the official custody of the Clerk of the Peace for Middlesex. It is a return made, in 1764, to a Committee of the House of Commons, by Mr. Roberts, a clerk in the office of the Chamberlain of London, of the amount paid for fines, for refusing to serve the office of sheriff of London and Middlesex from 1672 to 1763, both inclusive. The sum paid during these years amounted to 148,750*l.*; from which is to be deducted 18,200*l.* which was repaid to persons who afterwards took upon themselves the office, leaving a balance of 130,550*l.* in favour of the City of London. These funds were applied in the following manner:—From 1672 to 1730, to help to defray the exigencies of the City, 60,550*l.*; from 1730 to 1757, towards building the Mansion House, 54,900*l.*; and from 1757 to 1763, towards building Blackfriars Bridge, 10,800*l.* The return also gives the amount received in each year, which varies considerably; for in 1688, it was 10,700*l.*; and in 1734, it was 14,800*l.*: in some years it was as low as 400*l.*: in others it amounted to

* Mr. Tegg paid, a few days since, the fine of 417*l.*

between 1,000*l.* and 6,000*l.*; and in twenty-five years there were not any fines.—W.G.C.

FREEDOM DAY AT PLYMOUTH.

THE following singular observance takes place annually at Plymouth:—In the morning, the mayor elect, the mayor, and a number of gentlemen on horseback ride round the bounds of the borough, and from thence to Freedom Field. On their return, they dismount on the parade, and walk to the Barbican, where they receive the two head freedom boys, who have in the mean time been inspecting the boundary by water; to each of whom they give a cuff on the head, saying, "Remember this, and be a sober citizen;" after which they bestow a piece of silver to cure the blow. They next proceed to the Hoe, to inspect the stones erected on the decision of its being the property of the corporation. Buns and wine are then handed round to a select party; after which the populace are regaled with a scramble for apples and tough cakes.

W.G.C.

AFRICA.

As soon as the tents were pitched at night, (says Captain Owen,) the natives took the poles with which they impelled the boats, and sticking them in the ground, across the direction of the wind, wove mats between them, thus forming a screen to protect themselves from the chilling night-breeze. Beneath this shelter, which they made to slope over them, a fire was kindled, around which they huddled together in various postures, warming themselves thoroughly for the night, and taking red-hot embers in their hands without appearing to feel any other sensation than that of a pleasing warmth. Whilst cooking their supper of grass-porridge, in earthen pipkins, they sat crouching over the fire in the highest good humour, loud in their mirth, and presenting a most gratifying appearance of contentment and cheerfulness; in fact, the little encampment, from the time of its forming until midnight, was one continued scene of festivity. They slept in the following curious manner: each had a large sack, in which, as soon as he felt himself inclined to repose, he coiled himself up; and the ludicrous scene was thus often exhibited, of two sacks in deep and earnest conversation, no motion whatever indicating their living contents. This plan was adopted to escape the annoying bites of the mosquitoes.

W. G. C.

BURIAL AT NEW ORLEANS.

ONE of the curiosities which all strangers should see on visiting New Orleans, (says Mr. Hamilton,) is the public burying ground, about half a mile from the city. It is simply a portion of the surrounding swamp; and

though very extensive is not found too large for the interment of the population. There are always a number of graves, of different sizes, kept open on speculation. There is a sort of lurking prejudice acquired from habit, in favour of being buried in dry ground, which is called into full action by a sight of this New Orleans cemetery. The spade cannot penetrate even a few inches below the surface without finding water, and considerable difficulty is experienced in sinking the coffins, since the whole neighbourhood could not furnish a stone the size of an orange. There is something so offensive to the imagination in the whole process, and in the idea of being devoured by the crawfish, which burrow in myriads, that the richer sort of people generally prefer being kept above the level, both of ground and water, in little buildings like ovens, composed of birch and plaster, without any kind of ornament.

W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE BONITO.

SPECIMENS of the bonito have been occasionally taken in the Firth of Forth, according to Stewart; and in the Firth of Clyde, according to Dr. Scouler Jenyns, in his valuable *Manual of British Vertebrate Animals*, it is doubtful whether, in these instances, the *Scomber Relamys* be intended, or the *Scomber Sarda* of Cuvier, which has been also called bonito. Dr. Scouler, however, has since stated it as positive, that the fish of the Firth of Clyde was certainly the *Scomber Relamys*; and adds, "the specimen is still preserved in the Andersonian Museum of Glasgow, where an examination of it will remove all doubt on the question. The specimen was purchased in the market, and was in a perfectly fresh state; so that I could not be imposed upon as to the place where it was captured. I may add that having seen hundreds of bonitos in the tropical seas, it is impossible that I should commit any mistake in a matter so simple."—*Mag. Nat. Hist.* ix. 337.

WHITE BAIT.

At the meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society of Edinburgh, March 12, 1836, specimens of this celebrated little fish, (*Clupea alba*, of Yarrell,) obtained from the Firth of Forth, were exhibited by Dr. Parnell, who observed it also plentiful at the stake-nets at South Queensferry. "It is likewise common at Kincardine, being constantly entangled in the sprat or garvey-herring cruives, but hitherto neglected on account of its diminutive size. If the Scottish fishermen were taught to discriminate the white bait, and were encouraged to send it in quantity to the Edinburgh market, they might

find it a new source of income, equal or superior to the spurling or smelt fishery. The most obvious marks consist in the very small size, the white bait of the Forth seldom exceeding two or three inches in length; in the brilliant whiteness of its sides; in the body being thinner, or more compressed; and in the head being proportionably longer than in the garvey-herring, or in the fry of the common herring."—*Magazine of Natural History*, ix. p. 319.

**FLOWERS CLOSING DURING THE DARKNESS
CAUSED BY THE LATE ECLIPSE.**

AN article on the opening and closing of flowers at particular times is published in the *Mirror*, xxvi., 213. Somewhat connected with it, is Dr. Sigmond's statement, at the Medico-botanical Society, May 25, 1836, respecting the crocus during the late annular eclipse of the sun, on May 15; the doctor remarked that when the rays of the sun were most obscured, the flower of the crocus, a very delicate index of light, began to close immediately it was diminished, and assumed every appearance of what Linnæus terms the sleep of plants. J. H. F.

DAVID DOUGLAS.

A NOTICE of the discoveries made by this celebrated naturalist, and an account of his recent lamentable death, have already appeared in the *Mirror*, (See vols. xxvi., 248; xxvii., 194.) We have now the pleasure of stating that on the wrapper of the *Magazine of Natural History* for the present month, (July,) it is announced that "the Perth Horticultural Society have determined on erecting a monument to the memory of this celebrated botanical collector, alike distinguished by the number of valuable, hardy plants which he has introduced to British gardens, and by his appalling and much to be lamented death. The monument is to be placed in his native village of Scone, in Perthshire; and it is the object of the Perth Horticultural Society to place it in a piece of ground sufficiently large to contain full-sized specimens of all the trees, plants, and shrubs, which he introduced; a truly grand and appropriate idea." To carry this into effect, gardeners and amateurs are solicited to subscribe. For further details see the *Gardener's Magazine* for this month. J. H. F.

* The article first referred to is only to be found in the second issue of No. 743 of the *Mirror*, for an injunction having been obtained against our republication of an article on Algiers in our first issue of that number, it was withdrawn in our second issue, and in its stead were substituted five communications, entitled *Military Anecdotes; Human Skulls of Unusual Thickness; and Brains of Unusual Weight; the Capibara; Two-legged Pig; and David Douglas*. The number containing these articles may be had of the publisher.

Useful Arts.

THE THAMES TUNNEL.

THIS stupendous undertaking is proceeding slowly but steadily towards completion; nor has any serious obstruction occurred since the works were re-opened. The men work night and day; there are three sets of men employed, which relieve each other every eight hours. Each set consists of 112 men, and there are several supernumeraries ready to supply any casual vacancy. During the eight hours of work, they are allowed only a single half-hour for refreshment, which is brought to them on the spot. The wages paid are high, as much as 40s. and 45s. per week; and hence the engineer is enabled to command the services of first-rate bricklayers. The men are not called upon to perform task-work: all that is required is, that they keep steadily at work, and that the bricks be laid in a workmanlike manner. The cement furnished is of the very best quality, only about a barrel of fine sand being used to 100 barrels of cement. The concrete thus formed hardens very rapidly, and within two hours after any new work is completed, its solidity is put to a very severe test. The overseers go round with hammers of fourteen pounds weight, with which each separate brick is struck a hard blow. If the cement yields so as to disclose the smallest fissure between the bricks, the workman is immediately called back to repair the defect, and is, besides, fined one shilling to the sick fund. If the brick shakes in its place on being struck, nothing but a special plea in excuse can save the workman from an immediate discharge. With every exertion, from its peculiar nature, the work is unavoidably tedious and slow. It is considered a good piece of work when, at the end of twenty-four hours, the shield can be advanced nine inches. The shield contains thirty-six boxes, and the work is being simultaneously carried on in each, so that the pushing forward the shield can only take place when the work of the arch is perfected to the extent from the bases to the keystone. It will sometimes happen that a whole day is occupied in the mere work of pushing forward the shield. The extent of archway perfected is above 620 feet, and what remains to be done is about 1,200 feet; but, of this extent, a large portion being beyond low-water mark, and through a solid stratum of earth, can be carried forward without such extreme caution as at the present part of the work, through a loose, sandy soil, and under the very centre of the bed of the stream, is indispensably necessary.—*Morning Chronicle*. 385

Popular Antiquities.

ANCIENT WATCH.

At the present time, all persons who can afford the purchase, invariably possess themselves of a watch; but few among them know any thing of their early history and appearance, and still more limited is the number of those who have been fortunate enough to see one of these rarities. "To each and all" of the beforementioned parties, the engraving of an antique watch above must be of interest, if only by contrast with those carried in their own pockets.

This pretty little curiosity, once in the possession of a friend of mine, is of silver, and about the size of a large walnut; and might be closed by the fingers in the palm of the hand without being discoverable. It is shaped like a tulip, the outer case being divided into three equal compartments, ornamented with a sort of leaf on a roughly chased groundwork, and looking as unlike a watch as possible. These leaves open a little at the bottom of the watch, and disclose a small spring, which, on being pressed, pushes up the lid, disclosing the dial-plate, contained within a circular border; the space between which and the outer, oval boundary of the face, is filled by ornamental flower work. In the centre of the dial-plate, within the figures, the rose and thistle are entwined, which would seem to fix the date of its construction to the reign of James I.; and to this era it may be, undoubtedly, ascribed. Watches were worn at this period hung round the neck by a chain, and the silver one used for this purpose was still remaining attached to the one shown above.

Watches are generally supposed to have been invented early in the fifteenth century, though George III. had one in his possession which belonged to Robert Bruce, who began his reign in 1305, and died in 1328.* The genuineness of this relic has, however, been much doubted.

The earliest watches were egg-shaped, and are supposed to have been invented at Nuremberg. The Rev. Mark Noble describes an ancient one made in Holland, which he was possessed of when a schoolboy, and which he pulled to pieces to make the wheels into whinnigigs. He says, "It was very small, and in silver cases, with a catgut string instead of a chain; and it required to be wound up every twelve hours." Huygens, who lived in the reign of Charles II., was the first who invented those watches that went without strings or chains. The watch worn by Charles I., still preserved, has a catgut string.

It has been asserted that watches were introduced into England from the Continent

in 1577; yet it is certain that Henry VIII. had a watch, which Dr. Derham, in his *Artificial Clockmaker*, 1714, said was in order at that time. Queen Elizabeth was presented, in 1572, by her favourite the Earl of Leicester, with "one armet, or shakell of golde, all over fairely garnished with small diamondes, and fower score and one smaller peeces, fullie garnished with like diamondes, and hanging theareat a *rounde clocke* fullie garnished with diamondes, and an appendant of diamondes hanging theareat."[†] By this it appears that watches were worn more for ostentation than use, being always hung about the neck in the manner of an ornament, a practice lately revived, and so much on the increase, that it is reckoned unfashionable to wear them in the *watch fob*, which will soon have to be reckoned among other exploded portions of the dress that *were*; the waistcoat pocket at present usurping its office.

Repeating watches were in use as early as the time of Ben Jonson; in his comedy called *The Staple of News*, act i., scene 1, he introduces us to a young, extravagant heir, who, anxiously waiting for the first moment of his majority, "draws forth his watch, and sets it on the table," exclaiming as he hears the happy sounds announcing his one-and-twentieth year:—

"It strikes! one, two,
Three, four, five, six. Enough, enough, deare watch,
Thy pulse hath beate enough. Now sleepe and rest;
Would thou couldest make the time to doe so too!
I'll wint thee up no more. The houre is come
So long expected!"

In Hollar's print of *Summer*, (one of the four female half-lengths representing the Seasons,) the lady has a watch hanging from her girdle, of the exact shape and figure of an egg. In the time of James I., watches were so rarely in use, that it was deemed a cause of suspicion when one was found on Guido Fawkes; and Jonson, in the *Alchemist*, tells us of the loan of one for a particular occasion:—

I had lent my watch last night to one
That dines to-day at the sheriff's.

During the next thirty years, watches had become so common, that a character in the comedy of *The Antipodes*, published in 1638, complains that

every clerk can carry
The time of day in his pocket.

Respecting the early price of watches, little is known; but, in 1643, four pounds were paid to redeem a watch taken from a nobleman in battle.

Barlow, in the reign of James II., is said to have discovered the method of making striking watches. Derham, in his *Artificial Clock-*

† A watch, stated to have been made in the reign of Elizabeth, was to be seen at Windsor a few years since.

* See Mirror, vol. xi., p. 436.



(Ancient Watch.)

master beforementioned, says, "Barlow had procured a patent in concert with the Lord Chief Justice Allibone, for repeaters; but Quare making one at the same time, upon ideas he had entertained before the patent was granted, James II. tried both, and giving the preference to Quare's, it was notified in the Gazette."

The identical watch made by Quare and preferred by the King, was in the possession of Mr. John Stanton, of Benwell, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne; when, in a letter to the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, dated December 11, 1823, he gave the following description of it:—

"The outer case, which is of very pure gold, is embossed with the King's head in a medallion, under which, on the right, is Fame in the clouds, with a trumpet at her mouth, which is held in her left hand; in her right is a wreath, which she is raising as if to crown him. On the left are two winged boys supporting the royal crown; under them, a tower and fortifications, on which a flag is flying; under all, is the sea running close up to a fort, and on the sea is a ship under sail: this case is also beautifully engraved and pierced with scrollwork, ornamented with cannon, mortars, shot, shells, kettle-drums, colours, and other trophies of war, and with crowns, sceptres, and other emblems of royalty.

"The face is of gold, with black Roman letters for the hours, and figures for the minutes. In the centre is a piece of pierced work, in gold, upon blue steel, representing the letters J. R. R. J. combined so as to appear like an ornamental scroll, above which is the royal crown.

"The box is exquisitely pierced with scrollwork, intermixed with birds and flowers; about the hinge is engraved a landscape, with a shepherd sitting under a tree playing

upon a pipe, with a dog at his feet, and houses, trees, &c., in the distance.

"On the back of the box, two circular lines are drawn, between which is the following inscription:—"James II. gloria Deo in excelsis sine pretio redimimini, mala lege ablatum bono. Regi restituitur." Within the circle described within the inner line, is engraved a figure of Justice in the clouds, reclining upon her left elbow, the hand holding the scales; in her right hand is a sceptre, with which she points to three bishops beneath her, with an altar before them. On one side of the altar is the Tower of London, with a group of twenty-six men carrying bags, (I presume, intended to represent money.) On the other side is a view of the City of London in perspective, and a group of twenty-nine men carrying similar bags, of which there are several more lying in the foreground; under all, a lion and a lamb are lying together.

"The watch is considerably thicker than, but otherwise not much above, the common size, and every part of the engraving beautiful and distinct. It goes accurately, and is in a perfect state of preservation.

"I may be allowed to observe, that even with a king, the flattery contained on the cases, might have no little influence in deciding his Majesty to give a preference to the construction of Quare's repeater."

In conclusion, it may be as well to remark, that the Engraving of the above ancient watch is delineated on a scale of three-fourths of the original size. F. W. FAIRHOLT.

* Quare died on the 19th of March, 1785, aged 75. He was a member of the Society of Friends, as were his predecessors Graham and the celebrated Tompion, who was originally a blacksmith, and who, in the reign of Charles II., gained great fame by his improvement on the rude watches of the period; perfecting the double balance in 1675, which was originally invented by Robert Hooke in 1658.

The Public Journals.

A PROMENADE IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,
REGENT'S PARK.

(*Abridged from the Quarterly Review, just published.*)

As we walk along the terrace commanding one of the finest suburban views to be anywhere seen, let us pause for a moment while "the sweet south" is wafted over the flowery bank musical with bees, whose hum is mingled with the distant roar of the great city. Look at the richness and beauty of the scene. We do not set ourselves up as eulogists of Nash, who had his faults; but let his enemies—ay, and his friends too, for there are many that worshipped him when living who do not spare his memory now that he is laid in the narrow house—say what they will, if Nash had never done anything beyond laying out St. James's Park and the picturesque ground before us, he would, in our opinion, have atoned for a multitude of sins.

We must not, however, forget the bears. There they are, with their uncouth gestures and clumsy activity, living together amicably enough, save when an occasional growl proclaims a difference of opinion, arising from the monopoly by some crafty aspirant more ambitious than his neighbours, of the head of the pole—a monopoly the more irritating, inasmuch as that elevation generally leads to the acquisition of the good things in the power of a generous public to bestow. Even the cunning chisel of the Baron of Bradwardine's sculptor could not have represented a greater variety of attitudes; their "postures," indeed, are "stranger" and "more than ever Herald drew 'em." Mark, too, the shrewd expression of their "pinky eyes," justifying the assertion repeated from the days of Aristotle down to those of Washington Irving's ranger, that "the bears is the knowingest varmint for finding out a bee tree in the world.—They'll gnaw for a day together at the trunk, till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all." We have heard some complain that the grisly bear* in the den below has no pole to climb; but if he had one he would not climb, if all tales be true, for that accomplishment, it is asserted, leaves him with his early youth. The gigantic species here confined has been known in its native wilds to kill and drag away a full grown bison bull,† weighing upwards of a thousand pounds.

Descending the slope that skirts the lawn on which the black swan,‡ no longer a *rara avis*, has twice made her nest, and now rejoices in her two cygnets; and where the

New Holland goose§ has hatched and brought up her young; let us—after a glance at the wild fowl with which its green carpet is dotted, and the little lake where they float at rest, enjoying the artificial fountain min that rolls like pearl from their water-proof plumage—pause at the aviary fronting it. For among these are the lordly-crowned cranes,|| the graceful demoiselles,¶ the elegant Stanley cranes,** the comely Curassow birds, the melancholy-looking herons and bitterns that seem to pine for the whispering of reeds, the grotesque spoonbills,†† the solitary storks,‡‡ both black and white, the Marabou stork,§§ with his adjutant-like stalk, and "the secretary."¶¶ This last is a character; and his official air, with his velvet shorts and slender legs, brings reminiscences of the tenant of some bureau in *la vieille France*. There is an air of dignity and diplomacy about him; and, though not without courage after *his* kind, he evidently considers discretion to be the better part of valour. Observe him when a common snake is introduced into his inclosure. Though in a state of the greatest excitement he is collected. His bright eye, terrible as Vathek's, never quits the serpent; but he keeps aloof, till, watching his opportunity, he darts at it, his foot strikes it near the neck, and with his beak he deals a murderous blow on the head of the writhing reptile, which is very often the *coup de grace*. But whether it be so or not, the bird recoils—still keeping his eye on the snake, whose least motion, if it be still alive, causes a renewal of the attack, retreat, and watching—till no doubt exists as to the death of the victim; the bird then cautiously approaches, and begins to devour it. Such is the *secretary's* mode of dealing with a common snake in captivity; and his caution evidently arises from the instinct implanted in him against those poisonous serpents which are his appointed prey in the south of Africa.

But just look at that ancient, the Marabou stork, and only fancy him standing behind his master's chair at the dining table, expectant of his share of the feast. In such a situation Smethman saw one in Africa, which had been quite domesticated. From his high roost on the silk-cotton tree, he would, even at the distance of two or three miles, direct the servants carrying the dishes across the yard, and as they entered the hall, down would he dash among them, and take his place at the head of the table. They had some difficulty in making our friend, the

* *Cercopithecus Novæ Hollandiæ.*

† *Balaeniceps Faronius.*

‡ *Anthropoides Virgo.*

§ *Anthropoides paradisus, Bechstein.* *Anthropoides Stanleyanus, Vigor.*

|| *Platalea leucorodia.*

¶ *Ciconia alba, and C. nigra.*

¶¶ *Ciconia Marabou.*

§§ *Gypogonyx serpentarius.*

* *Ursus ferox.*

† *Bison Americanus, the buffalo of the Americans.*

‡ *Cygnus atratus.*

Marabou, respect the dishes before the arrival of the guests; and in spite of their *surveillance* and their switches, which they carried in terror, a boiled fowl or two would suddenly disappear every now and then; one snatch of that enormous beak, one gulp of that *barathrum* of a throat, and the pullet was gone.

Leaving the pelicans,* with their capacious pouches, and the emeus,† with their drumming note and little family of striped young, we come, retracing our steps, to the small, retired, unbragous basin where swans and geese live on equal terms. That worthy "in russet mantle clad" is the wild goose—the original stock from which our poultry yards derived their denizens; and, goose as he is, he carries us back to no mean dreams of the days of yore. The feathers of his ancestors winged the cloth-yard shafts that, loosed from a yeoman's bow, pierced through the iron coat of a man-at-arms "an as if it had been silk or sendal;"‡ for

"Never did armour temper steel on stithy.

That made sure fences against an English arrow.

A cobweb gossamer were guard as good

Against a wasp-sting."

But we must bend our steps to the eagle-house, and we confess we never pass it by without a pang. Eagles, lemmerygers, condors, *creatures of the element*, born to soar over Alps and Andes, in helpless, hopeless imprisonment. Observe the upward glance of that golden eagle—ay, look upon the glorious orb—it shines wooingly: how impossible is it to annihilate hope!—he spreads his ample wings, springs towards the fountain of light, strikes the netting, and flaps heavily down. We know not what their worships would say or do to us if we were to work our wicked will; but we never see these unfortunates without an indescribable longing to break their bonds, and let the whole bevy of these

"Souls made of fire and children of the sun" wander free.

What a collection it is! what a proof that our commerce is pushed to the ends of the earth! Look at the localities; look at that condor,§ the child of fable but a few years since, and then remember that Sir Francis Head saw a Cornish miner wrestling with one on the Andes. There too is the wedge-tailed eagle of New Holland,¶ one of whose brethren is said to have made a swoop at Flinders, the able and gallant circumnavigator, now at rest from his labours, mistaking, we suppose, the captain, in his solitary walks, for a kangaroo. Further on, in lonely majesty, is another eagle,|| the *destroyer*, from

* *Felconus onocrotalus*.

† *Dromas Novæ Hollandiæ*. "Their flesh," says Peron, is "truly exquisite, and intermediate, as it were, between that of a turkey and a sucking pig."

‡ *Sarcorampus Gryphus*.

§ *Aquila fucosa*.

|| *Harpia Destructor*.

South America. He was sent from Maranham, by Mr. Hesketh, to Mr. Sabine, then secretary of the Horticultural Society, together with "a king of the vultures;"† but, *soit dit en passant*, he ate up his majesty during the voyage. You should see him when, excited and with disturbed crest, he displays

"The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye."

His legs, or, as the ornithologists more correctly term them, his feet, are immense. While in the garden of the Horticultural Society a large male cat was once put into his cage. He flew at him, and, with one stamp of his intolerable foot, broke his back; then, springing with him in his claws to his perch, and cowering over him with his enormous wings, he screamed his dirge. The death of the quadruped was instantaneous.

The vulture's cry has awakened the doleful choros of the gaunt wolves. The face of the country is somewhat changed since our first Edward issued his mandate to Peter Corbet, to superintend their destruction in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Salop, and Stafford. We need hardly say that these are imported; for there are few who have not heard that the last indigenous wolf fell about the year 1680, by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron. Who can see or hear them without beholding in his mind's eye their untiring and inflexible pursuit of *Maseppa*?

One glance at the leopards and other *feræ*, which are lodged near the bears, and we come upon the *desert ships*. What visions of "the boundless waste," do they not conjure up! Observe their elastic feet, so admirably contrived for supporting them upon the arid sands of the desert. Hence their noiseless tread.

These are the Arabian species, and to them belongs the variety called the swift dromedary (*el heirie*) a variety which bears about the same relation to the more heavy-going species that Bay Middleton does to a brewer's horse.

Vathek's mother appears to have known the value of this swift breed; that *Eclipse* of camels, *Aboufaki*, clearly belonged to it. The llamas, the form of the family allotted to the New World, were formerly placed where the camels are now.

We now come to the antelopes, with their "languishingly dark eyes," and the pheasants, with their gorgeous plumage. Hereabouts there is generally a black cock, a prisoner that we pity from our very souls. A coop instead of the wide-spreading moor, and the soiled and trampled turf instead of the fresh wild heather! Better, far better for him to roam, with the chance of being

"Whistled down with a slug in his wing."

¶ *Sarcorampus Papa*.

than to linger out a cheerless, unnatural life thus. We must leave him to his fate and visit the otter, after paying our respects to that respectable animal the *phoca*, of the same brotherhood with the "sealgh" that overthrew the gallant Captain McIntyre, and carried away Mr. Oldbuck's stick as *spolia opima*.

But they have thrown in the fish and—there, the otter takes his first plunge. How rapidly he makes way under the water with his oary feet, rising ever and anon to the surface, and, with graceful curvature, diving down again in pursuit! He glides along towards the bottom, for his eyes are set, as it were, on the top of his head, to enable him, with upward look, to take advantage of its prey as it swims above him. Mark that quick turn; he has taken his fish, and leaves the water to devour it on the bank. But, it may be said, this, however curious and interesting, is ungentle, and there is cruelty in it. Almost every fish that comes to the table of the fair creature who condemns the exhibition suffers much more; for such fish, with few exceptions, are left by the fishermen to flounce and linger in agonies. Those who tolerate flounders "leaping alive," as they may be seen on fishmongers' stalls by the side of lobsters struggling for existence with their desiccated *branchie*, have more to answer for than our otter. We say nothing of the tenderness shown to eels, and leave that subject to the live coals and apologetic eloquence of M. Ude. Now our otter, *though cruel*, as we have heard him called, is *yet merciful*. The moment he has taken a fish he leaves the water, and with one powerful bite crushes the head and deprives it of sensation. If it is exciting to watch him in pursuit of the small fry here provided for him, what must it be to see him grappling with one of the great Thames trouts, a nine or ten-pounder!

Without visiting the geas and the other antelopes in the paddocks, we now proceed to the north garden, passing in our way to the tunnel the dove-cote, with its murmuring inmates; the armadillo, trotting about with a gait that reminds us of one of Mr. Maelzel's automata; the beaver; the falcons; the little basins, where gay ducks are floating; the lordly Brahmin bull, that bears a "charmed life" in his own country; and the huge American bison, with its enormous head and heavy fore-hand, formed to push and throw down. We are now in the north garden, and not suffering either squirrels, ostriches, wapitis, elks, or zebras, to detain us, we hurry on to the elephants' paddock. These are Asiatics.

Only observe the elephant making his toilette in the mud, and going thence to the bath. He is now getting beyond his depth. Look at the *all-over-ation* of that satisfactory

dip—the abandonment of that luxurious fluid—roll—

"Lo, from his trunk upturn'd aloft he flings
The grateful shower!"

listen to that ecstatic squeak, and confess that the Society have succeeded in making one animal, at least, happy. But he is coming out; there he goes to his mud-toilette again: how he revels in the slough! Presently he will collect dust and grass with his trunk, and scatter it over his back by way of being *bien poudré*. All this is of the greatest consequence to his comfort. The pachydermatous animals generally affect miry situations, and the adhesive mud keeps their skins in a healthy state. The cuticle of the elephant is very sensible—he is kept, you see, in subjection by the terrors of a very light whip—and it is, moreover, very liable, when too dry, to break and split open.* For this reason the skin of the captive animal is anointed to keep it supple; and here we caution our fair friends to abstain from patting Jack (for in that name our elephant rejoices), especially when his coat looks most glossy and *débonnaire*, or their "lily-white" gloves will undergo the contamination of train-oil. And, though he is peculiarly amiable on a Sunday, in the hope of wiling apples and biscuits from his admirers—for in the Zoological Gardens, at least, Sir Andrew Agnew's bill is law, the day being kept by the *carnivora* as a general fast, to their great edification, and the absence of the cake and fruit-women producing a comparative abstinence on the part of the other animals)—we entreat, fair ladies, that you will not approach too near, or he may pay an undesired compliment to the skill of the artificial florist, by making prize of the well-simulated bouquet of wheat and flowers, Leghorn and all. We saw one lady, "herself a fairer flower," who had a narrow escape of thus contributing her head-dress as an *entrée*; and another beauty, redolent of *eau de Portugal*, upon whom he fairly laid trunk, evidently taking her for the delicious personification of an orangery. No! feed him at a respectful distance, and beware that the moisture from his trunk does not fall on your robes, for it will not improve the lustre of either silk or satin.

(To be continued.)

* A spear is always at hand, in case more pungent control should be required, and, as the animal has much increased in size and power, its application may be sometimes necessary; but it produces a wound which does not readily heal, and the less it is used the better.

Party.—Addison wrote a letter to Pope, when young, in which he desired him not to list himself under either party. "You," says he, "who will deserve the praise of the whole nation, should never content yourself with the half of it."

New Books.

SCHLOSS HAINFELD; OR, A WINTER IN LOWER STYRIA.

By Captain Basil Hall, R. N.

[This is a marvellously pleasant book, which has only to be introduced to the reading world to become as popular as either of its author's preceding works. Its origin or framework may be thus briefly told:—Captain Hall, with his wife and children, spent the winter of 1833, and the following spring, in Italy. Upon their journey from Rome to Naples, the Captain received a letter from the Countess of Purgstall, an old lady personally unknown to our author, but claiming to have been an early friend of his father. The Countess was a native of Scotland, and many years since was the brightest charm of the society of Edinburgh. Her maiden name was Cranstoun, and she was the sister of Lord Corehouse and of Mrs. Dugald Stewart. In 1797, she married Count Purgstall, a German nobleman of the highest family in Austria, with whom she proceeded to Lower Styria, where his large estates lay; and she never revisited her native country. The Count served in the army during the fierce wars which Napoleon waged with Austria, until, towards the close of those disastrous periods, he was taken prisoner, his health gave way, and he died in 1811. The Countess was now left with an only child, a son, who lived but a few years after his father's death. The noble estates of the ancient family of Purgstall were claimed by no less than seventy heirs-at-law, and the poor, desolate widow had enough to do to establish her right even to such portion of the property as had been settled upon her. This was the Schloss or Castle of Hainfeld, and its noble domain, or a circle containing 4,900 souls. Thither the Countess, in the letter already mentioned, invited Captain Hall and his family to pass a few months: she writes: "Hainfeld is about six hours from Gratz: your sweet infants will be sadly disappointed when, instead of a splendid dwelling, they see a building like a manufactory; the grounds in culture to the door, and the cows lodged within a gunshot of their bed-chamber. At first, they will be afraid of me, for I am now like nothing they ever saw, except the picture of old Mademoiselle Endor in an old family Bible. Alas! the ravages of time are equally visible on its possessor and upon poor, desolate Hainfeld! Farewell." The Captain, however, accepted the invitation, and the second chapter of his narrative describes the Castle, or]

The Schloss.

When we hear of a German castle, our imaginations represent to us a huge, dark-

looking fabric, on the edge of a frowning precipice, and well nigh hid in the shade of forests, some centuries older than the building which has long outlived the fame of him who raised it. Accordingly, as we drove along from Gratz, we pleased our fancy by speculating on the wild scenery of our friend's mansion, which, from the grandeur of the neighbourhood of Gratz, we felt fairly entitled to expect, would not belie the romantic character which belongs to such spots.

We had, it is true, seen drawings of Hainfeld, but almost all drawings tell such lies, that there is no believing them when they speak truth. It is, indeed, part of an artist's confession of faith, to avow his love for the imaginative, over what he is pleased to call the vulgar reality; and, sooth to say, these gentlemen generally take good care, that if there be any vulgarity in their nominal representations, it shall not consist in too close a resemblance to the things represented.

Be this as it may, we had formed no very correct notion of the place we were going to, and strained our eyes with some anxiety in the direction pointed out by the Countess's coachman, as we wound our way amongst the hills, eager to catch a sight of the castle before the daylight had quite ebbed away. Nothing, however, could we see in the smallest degree like a castle, even when the hills spread themselves out into a broad, flat, richly cultivated valley, with a small, sluggish stream, the Raab, stealing its way along the middle of the bottom land, or haugh, where its course was indicated by a double line of willows, alders, and other thirty trees, the only embellishments of this kind which the thrift of the farmers had left in the centre of the landscape.

At length, four sharp, little turrets, indicating the four corners of the long-looked-for Schloss, or castle, came in sight, and presently afterwards, the whole building, which, to do its looks no injustice, and in the words of its proprietor, resembled nothing so much as a manufactory. Instead of standing boldly on the top of a high rock, the family mansion of the Purgstalls was placed in the flattest part of a flat valley, far from the abundant trees and rich scenery of the adjacent high grounds, as if in utter contempt of the many picturesque situations which might have been selected on the same property.

As we drove under the old archway which admitted us to the quadrangle in the interior, we might have fancied we had entered the court of a Spanish or Portuguese convent. There was just light enough to show us the corridor on each of the four sides, arched all along, and open to the sky, with a row of doors leading to what in a convent would be the cells, but which here were, of course, much larger apartments. A worse description of architecture for so rigorous a climate

as that of Germany could not well be imagined; and we learned afterwards, that it had been introduced by an Italian architect, who saw the country only in summer. The natives of the day, having little or no acquaintance with other countries, and no great ingenuity of their own, quietly adopted the fashion, to the permanent discomfort of themselves and of all succeeding generations.

Two of the corners of the quadrangle were filled with broad staircases by which the corridor was gained, and at the bottom of one of these, we were received by the Countess's head servant, who welcomed us with the air of a cordial landlord, and even reproached us good-humouredly for our delay, by saying they had all been anxiously looking out for us several days.—"But better late than never," added he, in a dialect between Italian and French—for he was a Piedmontese; and having been a soldier of Napoleon, had seen the world, and learned many languages. In one of these, I forget which, he then begged to know if we should prefer being shown to our own suite of apartments, or at once to the reception room of the Countess. Of course we preferred paying our duty without delay to the mistress of the mansion; and therefore, though covered with dust, and rigged in our well-worn travelling garments, we begged to be introduced forthwith.

If our curiosity as to the castle was great, much greater was our curiosity respecting its proprietor. Neither were our imaginary conceptions of our hostess much more accurate than those we had formed of the Schloss itself. All that we had heard, had prepared us for something out of the common; and as we approached the spot, some curious circumstances came to our knowledge. At Trieste, for instance, on inquiring whether there was any chance of the Countess being absent, we were told with a smile that this was not very likely, as the old lady never quitted her bed. And in a letter which I found lying for me at Gratz, she begged me to warn the children of her helpless situation. In one of her letters, she said she was like nothing in the world but a mummy,—adding, "for the last three weeks, a very sick one;" and truth bids me avow that our excellent hostess did not look the character amiss.—"What a pleasant thing would it not be," said the Countess one day, "could we put life into a mummy; and make it tell us about the Ptolemies, and their Pyramids and Hieroglyphics?"—Yet I question if we did not find it even more interesting to hear an intelligent, old person like the Countess Purgstall speak, from personal knowledge, of many of the most eminent characters of the last century, with whom we had far closer sympathies.

Be this as it may, we found our aged

friend as we had been told to expect; in a huge, antiquated bed, with faded day-dream curtains, in a room feebly lighted, and furnished in the style of a hundred years ago. Her wasted form was supported by half a dozen pillows of different shapes and sizes, and every thing about her wore the appearance of weakness and pain. Every thing, I should say, except her voice, expression of countenance, and manners, in none of which could be traced any symptom of decay or weakness. Still less might any feebleness be detected in what she said, for nothing in the world could be more animated or more cordial than her welcome. She shook hands with each of us, as if she had known us all our lives, and expressed over and over again her joy at having succeeded in bringing us to her castle.

"You must be sadly tired, however," she said, "and the children must be almost ready for their beds; so pray show that you feel at home by selecting the rooms which suit you best. There are enough of them I trust; and presently, the dinner which has been ready for you an hour or two will be served up."

Off we set, under the charge of the Major-Domo, Joseph, who, in obedience to the magnificent orders of his hospitable mistress, had lighted the stoves in three times the number of apartments we could by possibility occupy, in order, as he said, that we might pick and choose. In most old castles which I have seen, the rooms are small and uncomfortable, but in Hainfeld they were large and commodious; and though the furniture was not abundant, or, at least, not so superabundant as in modern mansions, it was all good and even elegant in its old-fashioned, heavy way.

In the principal room, which had been prepared for us, and which was the best in the castle, there stood, in rather tottering condition, a handsomely got up bed, at least eight feet wide, furnished with crimson silk curtains, bordered with silver lace two or three inches broad, surmounted by a massy, carved cornice, fringed with silver tracery, in the same taste as a rich but heavy embroidery which figured at the head of the bed. In like manner, the walls were hung with crimson satin; and round the room were placed old-fashioned sofas with curling backs, and arms like dolphins' tails, embossed in gold, and all padded with elastic cushions wrought in flowers. Fancifully carved writing tables, supported by not less fantastically shaped legs, with snug places for the feet to rest upon, stood here and there. Bureaus, chests of drawers, and queer looking tablet-tables, groaning under the weight of huge mirrors, completed the furniture. Of course, there were plenty of chairs—heavy, old fellows, with high, puffy seats,

came backs, and whirling arms, comfortable enough to sit upon, but not easily moved from place to place. Most of the rooms were ornamented with grotesque work in plaster, in high relief, on the roofs; and such of the walls as were not hung with hideous, staring, antediluvian, family portraits, were painted in fresco, with battle-pieces, hunting scenes, and other embellishments in the same luxurious but antiquated taste.

I must not omit to mention one important article of furniture, which was found in every room in the castle, high and low, namely, an enormous porcelain stove, white and highly glazed, reaching almost to the ceiling, in a succession of handsome stories, not unlike some Chinese pagodas I have seen in other climes. The fire is introduced into these vast ovens, as they are well called in German, not by an opening into the room, but by a door which opens into the corridor. Early in the morning, a large, wood fire is lighted in each stove, and such is their mass, that long after the fire has burned out, the heat is retained, and the apartment kept warm till the evening, when another heating is given it which suffices for the night. In a climate of great severity, such means of heating rooms are said to be indispensable; but to English tastes, accustomed to the cheerfulness of an open fire, and not at all accustomed to the close, heated air of a German stove, the fashion is one which it requires a long experience to render tolerable. Madame de Staël wittily says, "that the Germans live in an atmosphere of beer, stoves, and tobacco; and truly, the more one sees of the country, the less exaggerated does this sarcasm appear. The annoyance of beer one may sometimes escape; but the misery of tobacco-smoke and choky stoves is inevitable.

[The next chapter introduces the Countess, as we have already done. The Captain found her bedridden and very old; haunted with the horror of dying among servants, without one friend or countryman to close her eyes. She had then been confined to her bed three whole years—to the very bed on which her son had expired seventeen years before. Her forlorn situation was not all her suffering; for gout, rheumatism, and tic douloureux, with other inward and painful complaints, took their turns to torment her; and she suffered in utter disbelief of the efficacy of medical assistance in her own case, or in many others. She presented to the eye a miserable spectacle of bodily suffering and bodily decay; still, the vigour of her intellect was undiminished, as were the freshness and even vivacity of her disposition, the uniform suavity of her temper, and the lively interest in the concerns of the external world; though she acknowledged to have seen so many new

words in a new Review that they quite confused her poor head. Fortunately, her complaints had not attacked her eyes nor her hands, so that she could both read and write. Neither was she in the least deaf, and her powers of speech were perfect—that is, her articulation was perfect, for as to her language, it was made up of a strange confusion of English with Scotch accent, German, and French. "Her conversation, like her spirits," says Captain Hall, "never flagged; it ranged all over the world, and dealt with every possible topic under heaven." She could relate anecdotes by the dozen, of almost every body one had heard of, from Bonaparte to the Emperor Alexander, to the peasants of her own estate who had campaigned under them or fought against them. Or, she would relate stories of Sir Walter Scott's first essays in literature, tell about Schiller and Goethe, or describe Haydn and Mozart's playing on the piano-forte. Captain Hall has enriched his volume with a few of these stories: some of them narratives of curious facts—others superstitious and legendary, gathered in Scotland and Germany.

The third chapter tells the Captain's choice of a suite of apartments and their arrangement; a visit to the castle of Riegersburg, which had been, for centuries, the ancient abode of the renowned Purgatalls, and had passed from them only on the death of the last male possessor of the name, the poor Countess' only child. In old times, it had withstood the Turks, when they overran the greater part of the country which now forms the Austrian dominions. It resembles Edinburg Castle wonderfully, though it stands rather higher above the plain. The description of this romantic, old place is a fascinating piece of writing. In the village of Riegersburg, within the church, the Countess has erected a chapel, with monuments to her husband and son, beside whom she hoped one day to be laid. Upon Captain Hall's return to Hainfeld, a conversation upon this hope led to the Countess ordering Joseph, her major-domo, to show her coffin, made of lead and iron, and so tastefully contrived that it looked more like one of those ornamental pieces of sculpture which surmount some of the old monuments in Westminster Abbey, than a coffin intended for real use. "Having removed three huge, fantastically shaped padlocks," says the Captain, "we folded back the lid, and I was surprised to see two large bundles, neatly sewed up in white linen, lying in the coffin, one at each end. On stooping down and touching them, I discovered they were papers, and could read in the Countess' handwriting the following words:—'Our Letters.—J. A. Purgatall.'"

Chapter the fourth, "Our Neighbours," describes a visit to another castle—Stein-

burg. Of its curiosities, one is too singular to pass unnoticed. "It was a very thin, but strong iron mask, with clasps and locks of the same metal, of which a redoubted baron of olden times is said to have made frequent use. It appears that he had a very handsome wife, who was sadly coquettish, and more fond of exhibiting her pretty face than he at all approved of. Whenever he stirred from home, therefore, he was wont to encase his slippery partner's head in this iron mask, and put the key in his pocket. Tradition says that the gentleman mistook the application, and quite misplaced the protection, as the lady, though she could not exhibit the light of her countenance to her lovers, whispered still softer endearments through the bars, and in the end taught the foolish noble that in love as in war, physical obstacles, so far from keeping out an invading enemy, generally serve as his best stepping stones to conquest."

Being on the frontier of Hungary, the Captain was induced to see a little of that celebrated country, and take dinner with one of the Countess's friends. Here is a specimen of the Captain's reception, and we suppose, a fair sample of]

A Hungarian Dinner.

The dinner appeared; and as our morning's expedition had made us more than usually hungry, we looked forward with less dread than we had ever done before to the overloaded table which all reports of the nature and extent of a German dinner led us to expect. But our fears on this score, if we had any, were groundless; for a less loaded repast never was seen. There was positively too little for the company, and we felt awkward at having, by our intrusion, diminished the scanty allowance of the family. Every dish was carried off the table as clean as if, instead of a goodly company of Hungarian ladies and gentlemen, with a couple of hungry heretics from England, the baron had introduced a dozen of his wild-bear hounds to lick the platters.

As this was the only Hungarian dinner we saw during our stay in these parts, a notice of it may, perhaps, interest the lovers of good cheer. We had first of all coldish, dirty-looking, thin soup; then a plate with ill-cut slices of ill-salted tongue; and after a long and dreary interval, a dish consisting of slices of boiled beef, very cold, very fat, and very tough. I know not whence the fat came; for in that country, there are no cattle bred for the table, but only for the plough and the wagon; and, after many years of labour, they are killed, not because they are fit to be eaten, (quite the contrary,) but because they can work no longer. The next dish promised better; it was a salmon, twisted into a circle, with his tail in his

mouth, like the allegorical images of eternity. But I am sure if I were to live, as the Americans say, from July to Eternity, I should not wish to look upon the like of such a fish again. It had been brought all the way from Carinthia by the bold Baron himself. I need not say more. And yet its bones were so nicely cleaned, that the skeleton might have been placed in a museum of natural history, and named by Agassiz or Deshayes, without further trouble. Next arrived a dish of sausages, which disappeared in what the Germans call an Augenblick, or twinkling of an eye. Lastly came the roast, as it always does in those countries, but instead of a jolly English sirloin or haunch, the dish consisted of a small shred of what they facetiously called venison—but such venison! Yet had the original stag been alive from which this morsel was hewn, it could not have moved off faster. To wind up all, instead of dessert, we were presented with a soup-plate holding eleven small, dry, sweet cakes, each as big as a Genevese watch-glass. In short, not to spin out this sad repast, it reminded me of long bygone days, spent in the midshipmen's berth on short allowance, where the daily bread and beef of his gracious Majesty used to vanish in like manner, and leave, as Shakspeare says, "not a wreck behind!" I ought not to omit that the wine was scarcely drinkable, excepting I presume one bottle of Burgundy, which the generous master of the house kept faithfully to himself, not offering even the lady by his side, a stranger, and his own invited guest, a single glass, but drinking the whole, to the last drop, himself! So much for a Hungarian magnate!

(To be continued.)

The Gatherr.

Skulls.—A thirsty soul will tell you, (says a recent writer,) that there is no pleasure equal to the contents of the wine-cup; but there is something to contemplate in the cup itself. Lord Byron had one at Newstead Abbey, formed from a skull, on the outside of which were inscribed verses, written for it by his lordship. The poetry may be found in his works, and begins—"Start not, nor deem my spirit fled." This skull was rimmed with silver. Many blamed him for converting the human head into a wine-cup; but others have done the same thing a thousand times. Mandeville speaks of a certain race of beings who exposed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowls of the air, keeping the skulls, from which they made cups, and drank with great devotion. In the *Witch* of Middleton, one of the characters, a duke, takes a bowl out of his cupboard of a similar description, upon which one of his atten-

dants exclaims, "A skull, my lord!" which enrages the duke, who replies, "Call it a soldier's cup! Our duchess, I know, will drink from it, though the cup was once her father's head, which, as a trophy, we will keep till death."—Massinger, also, mentions of such drinking goblets.—W. G. C.

I once found, (says Montesquieu,) an article in an old Spanish code, which enacted that every man must be both humane and charitable. Though this was absurd, I found a still greater absurdity in the English nation. Some years ago, the publishers of a monthly periodical, finding that the last day of the month sometimes happened on a Sunday, had a meeting at the London Coffee-house, when to remedy the inconvenience, it was resolved that the publishing day should be the last day but one of the month, not thinking that it would as frequently fall on a Sunday as any other day. And though the English blame their neighbours, the Irish, for the commission of blunders, yet they sometimes fall into the same error themselves. A meeting was called of the inhabitants of Stepney, for the protection of the householders against the renewal of robberies which took place the year preceding. The lawyer who drew up the resolutions, put an advertisement into the newspapers, stating that the meeting was held to prevent the robberies which took place the year before.

Portrait-painting.—Some one observing that a portrait was like in everything but the eyes, was answered, "then it is not like at all."

That education, and that politeness, are good for nothing, which do not make a man more knowing and more pleasing.—*Spencer.*

The happiness of life is so nice a thing, that, like the sensitive plant, it shrinks away even upon thinking of it.—*Ibid.*

A very wise man will always have sense enough to see that he is a great deal of a fool; but a very fool always looks upon himself as a very wise man.

A study should be built looking east.—*Sir H. Wotton.*

Reasoning of the Eye.—That which is not just in buildings, is disagreeable to the eye, as a greater upon a slighter, &c.

St. Peter's.—Each of Michael Angelo's four columns that support the dome of St. Peter's, takes up as much ground as a little chapel and convent; in which one of the architects employed in that work lived; and yet they do not appear big to the eye, because everything is great about them.

Teaching.—One of the most interesting papers read at the last meeting in Dublin of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, was a paper read by Mr. Langton, of Manchester, on education. Speaking of

some of the Irish schools, the report stated that "one of these masters, who was especially conscious of the superior excellence of his establishment, as soon as he was acquainted with the object of the visit, began to dilate upon the various sciences with which he was familiar; among which, he enumerated Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Geography, Geology, Etymology, and Entomology. It was suggested to him that they had better, perhaps, take the list of queries in their order. On coming to the subjects taught in the school, he was asked—Do you teach Reading and Writing?—Yes. Arithmetic?—Yes. Grammar and Composition?—Certainly. French?—Yes. Latin?—Yes. Greek?—Yes, yes. Geography?—Yes, &c.; and so on, till the list of queries was exhausted, answering every question in the affirmative. As he concluded, the visitor remarked, 'This is *multum in parvo* indeed,' to which the master immediately replied, 'I teach that; you may put that down too.'"

Every man ought to have a period in every day, to which he can look forward as his time of relaxation, and during which he shall be entire master of his time and pursuits. This is essential to human happiness. Of what use are all the various improvements made in machinery, if they do not end in abridging the daily hours now devoted to manual labour. *Gardener's Magazine.*

Niebuhr, the Historian. was small in stature and thin; his voice of a very high pitch. He could not see well at a distance, and made sometimes strange mistakes. Spectacles were indispensable to him. He lived very frugally; wine and water was his usual beverage. He frequently shaved while walking up and down the room, and he would even talk during the dangerous operation. He disliked smoking very much, but took snuff to such an excess that he had finally to give it up. He did not write, as the ancient scholar, a whole book with one pen; but he used a pen a very long time before he mended it, turning it all round so as to use always its sharp point. Yet he wrote a neat and legible hand. His rare memory enabled him to study frequently without a pen, sometimes in a lying posture on a sofa, holding the work of an ancient writer over his head. These were not works which he read by way of relaxation, but not unfrequently those he studied with the keenest attention. His memory, indeed, was almost inconceivable to others. He remembered almost everything he had read at any period of his life.—*Lieber's Reminiscences.*

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